

Kate Tempest Lyrics

"Lionmouth Door Knocker"

At any given moment
In the middle of a city
There's a million epiphanies occurring
And the blurring of the world beyond the curtain
And the world within the person
There's a quiver in the litter
In the alleyway, he's singing

People meet by chance
Fall in love, drift apart again
Underaged drinkers walk the park
And watch the dark descend
The workers watch the clocks
Fiddle with their Parker pens
While the grandmothers
Haggle with the market men
Here, where the kids play and laugh until they fall apart
As kiss chase and dancing 'til it's mistakes and darkened rooms
Too fast, too soon
Too slow, too long
Move around all day
But we can't move on

Is anybody else awake?
Will it ever be day again?
Is anybody else awake?
Will it ever be day again?

Overflowing plant pots
Fence posts
Decorated door numbers
Motor black beneath a tarp
Beaten up Punto
Goal posts, painted on that green garage door
There's a rainbow on that wheelie bin
There's stickers in that window
Smart flats, rough flats
Can't-get-enough-cat flats you know
Seventeen cat flats
Rich flats, broke flats
New flats, old flats
Luxury bespoke flats
And 'this has got to be a joke' flats
Pensioners, toddlers
Immigrants and Englishmen
Families of six kids
Single business woman

Look, everybody's here trying to make or scrape a living
A fox freezes on the alley wall and stands still sniffing
Bare branches sway in the front garden
The lionmouth door knocker flaps in the breeze
Street lights glint on the 'beware of the dog' signs
The beer cans and crisp packets dance with the dead leaves

It's 04:18 AM

At this very moment, on this very street
Seven different people in seven different flats
Are wide awake, they can't sleep
Now, of all these people, in all these houses
Only these seven are awake
And they shiver in the middle of the night
Counting their sheepish mistakes

Is anybody else awake?
Will it ever be day again?
Is anybody else awake?
Will it ever be day again?

We start on the corner
With our backs against the wall
Next to the old phone box
Where the tramp leaves his bedding
The road runs ahead of you
Houses and flats either side, walk down
Go past the yard with the caravans
There, behind the hedges